

Amusements and Meetings.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME.—At 2:30 and 8 p.m.
 BOOTH'S THEATRE.—"Henry VIII."
 DAILY FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"The Big Bonanza."
 LYCEUM THEATRE.—"Sweethearts and Wives."
 OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Variety Performance.
 PARK THEATRE.—"Gloria-Gloria."
 SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.—"Sue and Wamford."
 UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—"The Two Orphans."
 WALLACK'S THEATRE.—"The Shaughraun." Dion Boucicault.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Exhibition of Water Color Society.
 ROBINSON HALL.—"Beacon Daily Carr." Mr. McCabe.

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Business Notices.

WRITE TO THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn., for a Life or General Agency Policy.

A NEW-YORK DAILY, giving the news, markets and accounts of meeting papers, published for \$2 a year, or for two weeks for 50 cents, by postal card for free sample copy. THE DAILY TRIBUNE, No. 2 Spruce-st., New York.

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Persons unable to obtain THE TRIBUNE in any of the towns, cities, or hotels in which it is usually sold, will confer a favor by informing this office of the circumstances.

Advertisements received at up-town offices, 541 W. 3d-st., or 308 W. 2d-st., at the Harlem Office, 4386 York Ave., or at the Brooklyn Office, 223 Washington-st., next door to the Post-office, till 8 p. m., at regular rates.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the Philadelphia office, 112 South Sixth-st.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be ready for mailing at 8 o'clock, in wrappers for mailing. Prices 5 cents.

During the construction of the front of the new Tribune building, the Tribune office may be found in the first building, the rear on Spruce-st. The Tribune Counting Room is on the first floor, and is reached at the second door down Spruce-st. from the old site.

THE TRIBUNE'S MONTHLY CALENDAR.

The large figures indicate the days of the month; the small ones the days of the week.

Day	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
January	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
February	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
March	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
April	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
August	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
September	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
October	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
November	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
December	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1875.

TRIPLE SHEET.

The French Assembly has finally passed the bill for organizing the Public Forces. The Legislature formally protested against the bill. Mr. Buffet has been called upon to form a Cabinet. A new plan has been discovered by Prof. Förster of Berlin.

Mr. Witter and about 30 Conservative members of the Louisiana Legislature have signed a protest against the return to the Legislature of the expelled members until they can return without making concessions. A motion for the expulsion of J. W. Thorne from the North Carolina House of Representatives on account of his non-belief in the existence of God received a vote of 46 yeas to 31 nays. The investigation in relation to the last year's Supply bill was continued at Albany.

A scheme of internal improvement was discussed in the Senate, but not pressed to a vote. The bill for changing the mode of counting the votes on the Presidential ticket was debated and passed. The House remained in session all Wednesday night and adjourned late yesterday afternoon, the time being spent in filibustering to delay the introduction of the Force bill. The Mississippi and majority reports. The Senate Finance Committee heard the opinions of Secretary Bristol, Commissioner Douglas, and others on the features of the Tax and Tariff bill.

By the crushing in of a church roof by a falling wall five persons were killed and more than thirty wounded. In the suit against Mr. Beecher, Mr. Tracy continued his argument for the defense. Two ocean steamers ran aground in the fog. A firm of sugar-refiners, failed with heavy liabilities. Chief Justice Daly delivered the annual address before the American Geographical Society. Thermometer, 46°, 49°, 38°. Gold, 114½; 114½; 114½. Gold value of the legal-tender dollar at the close, 87½.

Advertisers will please bring in their favors before HALF-PAST FIVE O'CLOCK in the evening. We cannot undertake to classify those received after that hour. The greatly increasing demand upon our Press-room compels us to send the various Pages of THE TRIBUNE to press at an earlier hour than heretofore, and thus makes the above requirement necessary.

The geographical discoveries of the last year were presented in most entertaining form before the New-York Historical Society last night by Chief-Justice Daly. A careful outline of the address is printed on our second page.

Gen. Tracy continues his opening address in behalf of Mr. Beecher, and it must be confessed, is making a strong impression. Obviously Mr. Beecher's lawyers propose, before they are through with it, to abandon the defensive altogether, and to make a vehement attack upon their opponents, under their plausible charge of conspiracy.

We learn, on authority which cannot be questioned, that Mr. Jay, our Minister to Austria, instead of being removed, as recent Washington reports have indicated, sent his resignation from Vienna on the 17th of January last, in pursuance of an intention which he had formed many months before. Mr. Godlove S. Orit, whose name has been men-

tioned for the vacancy, was a former law pupil of Thaddeus Stevens, has served a good many years in the House from Indiana, and is a man of more than usual native force of intellect. He will not carry to Vienna, however, the severe training and the social and diplomatic culture which have made Mr. Jay one of the very best of our Foreign Ministers.

The Mississippi investigation, like that in Alabama, has brought forth two reports, each strongly colored with the political opinions of its signers. Indeed, that of the majority, a pretty full abstract of which is presented in our Washington dispatches, has so strong a partisan tincture that it will have no weight whatever with any one outside of the Administration party. Some of its statements seem entirely without foundation in the testimony given to the press from day to day during the progress of the investigation. It will doubtless serve its purposes, however, in supplying backbone to a few Congressmen who are seeking an excuse to justify their voting for the caucus Force bill now before the House.

The disaster at St. Andrew's Church, last evening, by which several lives were lost and many persons were seriously wounded, was a calamity that will awaken the sympathy of the entire city for its victims. The fact that the sufferers were attending Divine service adds to the painful interest of the occurrence. It is unwise to pronounce a hasty judgment upon the cause of such an accident, but a question readily rises as to the reason why a high wall, brought to a toppling condition by a fire, and made more dangerous by frost, was left to stand in that condition for six weeks, with peril to life and limb in its shadow all the while. There should be an immediate and thorough investigation of this disaster, and we doubt not that such an one will be held.

Driven almost to despair by failure to secure their rights at the hands of the President or Congress, and under the advice of counsel in Washington, a number of the Conservative members of the Louisiana Legislature have signified their willingness to accept the Wheeler compromise for the temporary settlement of the existing troubles. Others, among whom is Speaker Wiltz, believe that the compromise involves a sacrifice of principle, inasmuch as it recognizes the usurping Government, and provides for condoning the past offenses of Mr. Kellogg. These declare that they will not accept the compromise. Each party has a strong following, and it is already evident that, however well meant, the compromise is likely to cause new and bitter dissensions rather than restore peace to the misgoverned State.

France has now a Constitution which has received the support of all the Republicans in the Assembly. We have not been fully informed of the details of the scheme; but enough is known to warrant the belief that the Republic is established on a tolerably firm foundation. Among the curious circumstances of the final debate is the evidence of inconsistency shown by the Legitimists. At one time they were loud in their assertion of the constituent power of the Assembly. Now that that body has resolved to exercise such power by agreeing to a republican constitution, they fiercely protest against this action. Moreover their menace of war against the new institutions contrasts very unfavorably with the moderation which has been shown by the Republicans. These, when their cause appeared utterly hopeless, carefully abstained from any threats against the arrogant pretensions of the Monarchists.

THE FORCE BILL.

The all night and all day session of the House, beginning on Wednesday and ending Thursday night, accomplished nothing more than to bring the Force bill up as unfinished business at the opening of the session to-day. It was part of the programme of the Administration managers which was initiated in the adoption of the new rule cutting off dilatory motions and putting the minority at the mercy of the majority in rushing through without opportunity for discussion whatever measures they may deem necessary for the promotion of their partisan designs. The matter was sprung upon the House by one of Mr. Butler's clever tricks, in defiance of the understanding which was had at the time of the afternoon adjournment that the Appropriation bills should have the precedence in the order of business. But Mr. Butler is sometimes too clever. His sharpness is liable to overreach the mark and defeat his object. In this case he found, too late, that the new rule was not sufficient, even with the aid of his trickery, to answer the purpose intended. The lack of a quorum of Administration members left the business of the House at the will of the Opposition, who refused to vote, and consequently had all proceedings at a deadlock whenever they were disposed. Mr. Butler lost his temper of course, and got angry and excited because Speaker Blaine would not at his dictation override Parliamentary law and precedent. The Speaker, however, was cool and self-contained during the whole session, and the manifest fairness and impartiality of his rulings are commended on all sides.

The result of the matter can hardly be predicted yet. It seems incredible that a majority of the House can be obtained for a bill of so outrageous a character. There are many Administration members who will not vote for it as it stands. Whether there are enough of these to defeat it is still an open question, but it seems certain that some of its most odious features will be stricken out before it can pass the House. Even then we do not believe it possible to be passed. That there is a determined purpose on the part of the desperate men who feel power slipping from their grasp to press this bill at all hazards is apparent enough. They have already shown a readiness to sacrifice everything else, even the appropriation bills, and to incur the necessity of an extra session for this purpose. But it is in the power of the minority in the Senate to interpose delays and stave it off until the time for final adjournment shall arrive; and this, we presume, will be done if it becomes necessary. Meantime the spectacle is presented to the country of a party which has just been repudiated in the Congressional elections resorting to the most questionable and desperate measures, not only to continue in the hands of the President powers such as were never before exercised or dreamed of by any Executive, but to enlarge them to such an extent as to give him absolute control in all the States of the Union. The proposition in this bill to suspend the habeas corpus at the sole and absolute discretion of the President is, in the words of Mr. Blaine, "unlimited as to territory and un-

"limited as to time." What that means is plain enough to the most ordinary understanding. No dictator could desire, nor could a people surrender more. The provisions of the bill are so monstrous, and the circumstances under which its enactment is demanded are so significant of the ulterior purposes of its authors, that the bare possibility of its passage is utterly startling. The party that suffers itself to be led by such repudiated leaders as Butler into the support of such an outrage upon liberty and justice must be irredeemably besotted and blind. If there is any manliness left in its representatives in Congress, this desperate scheme will fail. Let us hope for the sake of the party as well as of the country that the action of to-day will be final, and the death blow be given to the whole bad business.

A MEASURE OF PROTECTION.

It is announced that the Republican members of the Alabama Legislature have united in a memorial to Congress praying for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus "in order that they may be protected from their 'political opponents.'" Alabama Republicans have required a great many curious contrivances of late to protect them from their political opponents. The Hon. Charles Hays could not get through his last campaign without the invention of a roll of murders as long as the catalogue of Leporello. Other distinguished statesmen protected themselves with bacon—Government bacon destined for the sufferers by the Mississippi overflow, and diverted by some mysterious process to the back-country, where there was no distress from the flood, but a great deal of political agony and anxiety of the most poignant character. The testimony taken by the Committee of the House of Representatives which recently investigated the affairs of Alabama developed the prevalence of other methods of protection of which the public has had vague and insufficient information.

All Republican Alabama seems beat with the idea that the chief duty of a Republican Administration in Washington is to nurse the Republican vote in the States. Yesterday we saw Federal marshals scouring the country with calls of warrants of arrest; election officers calling upon the Federal troops to force voters into line at the polls; Federal office-holders bidding the negroes come up to the county seat and vote the straight ticket under the supervision of their Republican friends, lest they be sold again into slavery; colored women forming themselves into peripatetic committees under Federal patronage and patrolling the towns to keep their husbands away from Democratic meetings; and finally the whole Administration party clamoring to have elections upset and civil government superseded by the military because timid negroes had been frightened by some drunken bully, or a faction fight had taken place, such as always used to rage on election day in the Sixth Ward of New-York. To-day the Radical statesmen of Alabama propose that the best guarantee of personal liberty shall be abolished in order that the most violent of the influences we have mentioned may have full sway, unchecked by the safeguards of the law. To-morrow they may ask for a new election law, something like the precious device adopted by Mr. Kellogg in Louisiana, which shall save the people the trouble of choosing their Governors and legislators, and trust everything to the Federal Administration. The same idea underlies all these schemes, which is the mainpring of the miseries of the whole South—the idea, first, that the educated, intelligent, active, industrious, well-to-do population of the reconstructed States is not to be trusted with the right of self-government; which belongs to all American communities; and secondly, that it is the business of somebody in Washington, after the destinies of the States have been intrusted to the colored people, to step in and stiffen the backs of those weak brethren, furnish them with ideas, supply the defects of their ignorance, and then—put the taxes where they will do the most good.

Has the attempt of the President to protect the Republicans of other States from their political opponents been so successful that Alabama need clamor for the same sort of interference? It has brought Louisiana so low that not a man in the Union can look upon her misfortunes unmoved. It has kept Arkansas on the verge of civil war, and still menaces that unhappy State with revolution as soon as Congress is out of the way. When Boss Shepherd is called upon for a legal opinion in opposition to the Attorney-General, and incites the President to contradict it in a special message his own proclamation, it is impossible to foresee what wrong, what injustice, what melancholy travesty of despotic government may be the next step in the protective programme.

THE BABY AND BONNE.

With the first gleam of February sunshine on the thawing pavements you find on every quiet corner a certain familiar picturesque group, to be reduplicated countless times in warmer weather. There is a fairy, shell-like coach, glittering in blue and silver if its occupant be a blonde, or crimson and gold if she be brunette; there is the baby reclining in it, like a miniature Cleopatra, with the sun glaring into her blinking eyes; and there is the French nurse with her white apron, Normandy cap, lace lappets, and black eyes glancing furtively at every passer-by. Baby's mother, meanwhile, reclining in a larger coach with just as fine artistic effect, is bowling away to the Park or on her daily round of work—receptions, calls, matinees, etc., etc. She complains a good deal at each place of the weight of these social duties, especially if she add to them charitable or devout labor, such as that of a committee-woman on a charity ball or church fair. She does not, as she steps into her luxurious coach, leave her family or household cares behind her, for she has none to leave. With regard to her child she certainly has the full approval of her conscience. When she certainly found she had committed that blunder in the fashionable world and was indeed the mother of a child, she resolved, however inconvenient it might be, to fulfill all her duties as a mother. She therefore spared no expense as to a layette or a wet nurse, discussing the qualities of this last with the physician before the creature precisely as if she were of Alderney breed; nurse and baby were also sent to the seashore last summer at the proper time for teething. Now that the child's mind and morals require training, she has procured a bonne, warranted to be from Paris direct, whose appearance, as we have seen, is a credit to her employer. Nurse and baby are brought into the dining-room frequently with the dessert, and form a picturesque background for a few moments to fruit and flowers;

baby's mamma, too, often escorts lady visitors to the nursery (fitted up lately with India paneling) to show them "her angel" in its bassonette. She puts the lace aside to peck a kiss, cries "Bless you!" and retires in a warm glow of maternal duty accomplished. At night the baby with her bonne occupies a chamber on the fifth floor, where her cries or colic cannot disturb the mother, who must gather strength for her social labors.

In a year or two the bonne will be replaced by a governess, with dancing, music, and drawing masters, who will complete the molding of the child's mind and character. Later, when she can no longer be kept in the nursery and must be "brought out" into society, mother and child may become measurably acquainted with each other. But the girl will assuredly carry with her through life many of the traits of her foster mother (whether they are good or bad nobody has yet required), and the manners and accent of her bonne, the accent being as pure as English, would be learned in the lower social strata of the Bowery.

If the child (like the majority of New-York children) has no home, but is brought up in a boarding-house, its mother, if a woman of fashion, has still slighter acquaintance with it. There are other bonnes and babies in the house. They eat, sleep, dwell in a noisy, turbulent mess. As the child grows out of long clothes into knickerbockers or befrilled dresses, and enormous sashes, its abiding-place is on the stairs and its education obtained chiefly through watching the other boarders, especially the young men, and learning their slang and jokes.

Now, no French woman would thus abandon her baby to the care of any bonne. The French mother, frivolous and immoral though she may be, guards her child with a jealous care. Her daughter knows no human being so intimately and tenderly as she knows her mother. The women of the royal family in England give to their infants a degree of personal care and superintendence which a New-York leader of the ton would turn over with contempt to menials. Even outside of our fashionable circles there are many intelligent mothers who leave this personal care of their babies and the training of the elder children to "those who understand such things better," while they fulfill other duties. To whom we can only reiterate the truth, first spoken at the birth of the first child, that it is the mother who "has gotten a man from 'the Lord,' or that which she is to mold into a man—not the bonne, nor the governess, nor the dancing-master. No matter how long is her visiting-list nor how many balls or kettle-drums she must give this Winter, her highest and first work is the care and study and management of her baby, in its body as well as in its mind. Perhaps she contents balls and has literary and aesthetic tastes. But by the time she learns practically how to make out of this little lump of flesh and flannel a healthy, helpful, genuine man or woman, with clean soul and pure body; by the time she understands the chemical and hygienic laws of his food, the subtle laws of his character, and their relations to the people and influences about him; by the time she has applied these laws and her child is grown, she will at least have acquired as much knowledge and helped society and the world as far on its way as though she had written a new novel and handed the baby over to the bonne.

Mr. Patrick O'Hair, a member of the Illinois Legislature from Edgar County, has determined to win immortal renown, or at least to try for it, by effecting a revolution. So Mr. O'Hair (who, of course, is not related to a Hair-of-the-Same-Dog) has introduced a bill providing that "Any person asking another person to drink any intoxicating liquor shall be fined not less than \$30 and not more than \$100." This bill, which would be a death-blow to Illinois conviviality, hasn't been passed yet, nor is it likely to be; but we must give Patrick credit for good intentions all the same. Should "treating" ever become an obsolete and entirely forgotten custom, there is quite a variety of phrases which will bother the philologists of the next ages. What will they make of "What'll you take?" "Join us," "Walk up," "Set 'em up," "Here's luck!" when they meet with these expressions in the cheap and popular romances of 1875? Alas! we fear that there will be no call for their learned ingenuity, until human joy and human sorrow cease to be emotions of the thirsty sort.

We expect fine language in the Philadelphia newspapers, but we regard it as a bit of extra gilt when one of them tells us that at an International Rowing Match on the Schuylkill in '76, England and France "propose to contest for the Naiads' Laurel Crown, in the struggle of aquatic skill upon the silvery bosom of the river." For the information of the general public, we would state that the Naiads were "young and beautiful virgins," and that they are usually represented "leaning upon an urn from which flows a stream of water." The proper sacrifices to them are of wine, honey, oil, milk, fruit, and flowers. Inhabitants of Philadelphia in search of further information are referred to Anthony's Classical Dictionary, *iii*. NAIADES. As none of these ladies have been seen for ages by human eyes, their reappearance upon the Schuylkill in 1876 will form a novel and agreeable feature of the festivities.

The situation of the kitchen organs just now suggests the story which M. Legouvé lately related of the actress Rachel. Her instructor, the accomplished Samson, had as stormy a nature as the great actress herself, and many were the quarrels in which master and pupil engaged, Rachel carrying her share of them with a great deal of effect. But once, when they were playing *Lady Tartuffe* together, Mr. Samson bethought himself of an exquisite revenge. Seated beside Rachel, he heaped the bitterest reproaches upon her in the lowest tones, while the circumstances of the drama and the presence of the unconscious audience compelled her to take them all with the sweetest of smiles and gestures of enthusiastic acquiescence and approval. Her self-control was great—but that of the Administration kitchen organs is greater.

Now here is a dog, a foreign animal it is true, who deserves a stick of minion lead immortality. The only mourner at a nameless grave, he followed his friendless master to the old Grayfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh. The day after the funeral he came again, and paying no attention to the notice, "Dogs not admitted," he crept to the grave, and though starving, cold, and shivering, he would not go away. And he stayed there for eight years. Kind people supplied his rations, but every night he came back to sleep upon the tomb. We understand that "Bobby" is now himself deceased, but he has received the honor of an obituary notice in a monthly magazine. He was of the terrier sort.

Another Alaska article of export, viz.: Mummies! A schooner of the Alaskan Commercial Company lately arrived at San Francisco bringing an assorted cargo, including the well preserved bodies of an old chief, his wife, and his children—eleven dried heads in all. His Honor, while in the flesh, bore the resounding name of Karkhaya-louchack. All the remains were wrapped in sea-grass matting, skins, and furs, bound together royally with the sinews of sea-jones. We do not know the exact commercial value of mummies; but Mr. Barnum, we suppose, could tell us what he would give for Mr. and Mrs. Karkhaya-louchack and the nine little Karkhaya-louchacks.

MUSIC—DRAMA—FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MISS HEILBRON'S CONCERT.
 Miss Heilbron, the young pianist, gave the first of her new series of piano-forte recitals yesterday afternoon at Steinway's. Fate has been unpropitious to her. This concert was to have been given two weeks ago, but at the appointed time one of the worst storms of the season was raging, and the entertainment was postponed. Yesterday the weather was again bad enough to interfere with the attendance. Still there was a fair audience in the smaller hall, and Miss Heilbron's playing was received with a great deal of favor. The principal piece on the programme was Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, given by Miss Heilbron and Mr. Brandt.

MISS ROCK'S CONCERT.

Miss Anna Rock's farewell concert last night at Steinway Hall attracted a pretty large audience and passed off with spirit and abundant applause. The performance opened with Schumann's Violin, Opus 4, for piano, two violins, viola, and violoncello, one of the most charming pieces of chamber music since Beethoven. It was well played by Miss Rock and Messrs. E. Mollenhauer, Schmitt, Matzka, and Berger—as well perhaps as compositions of this kind are usually interpreted by a chance assemblage even of the best artists. Later Miss Rock sang several arias. Mr. Berger gave an excellent rendering on the violin of "Wienawski's Legend," and Miss Rock played, among other things, Chopin's Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise brillante in E flat, Opus 22, and Weber's Sonata No. 2 in A flat. Both these pieces were rather severe tests of the ability of a young girl, and she deserves no little credit for her handling of them. In the Sonata especially we detected something more than mere technical facility. Miss Rock seems to us a player of great promise, who has a quick perception of the poetical meaning of her music and a refined taste. She is going abroad to study under Liszt, and we shall watch her future career with interest.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
 Mr. Toole's engagement closes to-morrow, this evening being devoted to his benefit, when a fresh bill will be offered, consisting of "Sweethearts and Wives," "I on parle Français," "That Battered Baby," and imitations of popular actors. The Ristori season will begin next Tuesday, and will consist of twelve nights and two matinees. Messrs. Frau and Chizola announce that the company supporting the great actress is the best which she has ever been associated. Several of its members have never appeared in America. The costumes, scenery, and properties were all provided in Italy expressly for the extensive tour in which Madame Ristori is now bidding farewell to the principal theatres of the globe, crowning her brilliant career with a journey around the world. Besides the plays which her name is already identified, Messrs. Ristori will present two new tragedies, "Laceria Borgia" and "Ronsard di Francia" ("The Huguenots"), both dramatized by Giacomini, the author of "Marie Antoinette" and "Elizabeth," and she will also enact in English the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." The season will open with "Elizabeth."

FINE ARTS.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS—EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.
 We make our regretful apologies to Rosetti—"the good Japanese artist"—for not having earlier acknowledged the presence of his "Imperial Plighting Room," who is so victoriously perched over the door leading from the corridor to the North Room. In spite of its not being like in color, it reminds us of the portrait of Chaucer the bird, who, however, did not call the noble beast by the ignominious name of Rosetti:

"His comb was redder than the red coral.
 Embosset as it were a castle wall,
 With wavy lines down from his forehead and so tall.
 His bill was black, and like the jet it shone.
 His neck was whiter than the lily flower,
 And like the turned gold was his crown."
 He looked as it were a grim leech,
 And as his tongue he walked up and down.
 This gentle cock had in his governance seven hennas."

And as Chaucer describes the hens as lovely as the Cock is noble, we hope the seven fair ladies whose graceful flower-pieces are perched a little lower down than Rosetti, will not be offended if Chaucer made us think of them as being like the good Japanese artist. The fair ladies will find some down a little nearer earth for a while, that the beautiful painting of his feathers might be more fairly seen. No doubt Agassiz or Audubon would assure us that every feather is in its place and that every scale on legs and feet has been counted, and that if he could only be persuaded to make the effort, there is no reason, so far as appearances go, why he shouldn't cry "Click, Chick," and fly down from his perch and go stalk the gallery looking for some gentleman who will be good enough to tread on the tail of his coat. If the Japanese were only able to paint men and women as well as they can paint birds, and flowers, and lifeless things, the discovery of their art in this generation would have made a revolution instead of having merely set a fashion.

There are a great many flower-subjects in the present exhibition, and, as is natural enough, the majority of ladies, when they take up the pencils, ask their sisters to sit for their portraits. But few of them are shut up in measureless panels, apparently, if they achieve a decorative panel. The flower-painting, the great art better than usual, but only Mrs. Sullivan and Miss McDonald have made pictures out of their material—the rest have made only vignettes, a species which is neither picture nor decoration, and the proper place for which is not in a frame, but in a portfolio. The artists whose work surrounds the drawing by the Japanese Rosetti are some of them at least capable of making flower-pieces; but let them ask themselves whether they do not think the purchasers of these well-studied, carefully executed flower stalks will probably weary a little by their unsuggestive isolation after they have hung on their walls awhile! Miss Teresa Higazi's "Flowers," both No. 6 and No. 169, are noteworthy performances; they are scientific in their accuracy, and poetic in their treatment, and very skillful and decorous in execution. But, then, they suggest how good a thing it would be if some rich person were to commission the lady to make a series of studies of some particular flower family for his own portfolio, or for the Scientific Hall of the College, which, if he be like rich Americans in general, he most likely runs—in his own honor. The drawings do not at all tempt us to buy them and hang them upon our walls. They wouldn't harmonize with anything, but would make uncomfortable spots on any wall with a mind of its own. Mrs. Blais's "Poinsettia" and "Calla" are more scientific still, and Christine Chaplin's pieces are neither scientific nor picturesque, but only chintzy and pretty. We believe we have said it before, but there can be no harm in saying it again: we hope the day will come when some of the skill now wasted in making pictures that nobody particularly wants will be made useful in filling the rooms of cabinets, side-boards, piano-fortes, with decorative flower-painting. Perhaps we must wait until the millennium if we hope for a day when it shall not be considered the inevitable thing for a piano-forte to look like a bow-legged megalomaniac. There was a time when they were ugly to look at; when their shapes were well-designed, and they were not condemned to one monotonous uniform of polished rose-wood, but might be of any colored wood their maker pleased, and when the panels over the keyboard, and sometimes the inside of the cover, were decorated with painted flowers, or even with landscapes, so that altogether the piano-fortes were for once in tune with the pretty girls that played on them. But those days are long gone by, and the girls have all to console themselves with the vignette flower-piece here and there, and one of special delicacy—"Hepatica," No. 157, by Ellen T. Fisher. Mrs. Sullivan's "Lilies and Roses," No. 277, is interesting from its individuality and unconventional way of looking at the flowers—these flowers almost seem to have perfume. Miss McDonald's "Wild Rose," at which the artists in the grand style turn up their Renaissance noses, are nevertheless worth their looking at. Albert Durier wouldn't have turned up his nose at them, but would have praised their intimate precision of nature, their sweet color, and the delicate precision of their drawing. Slap-dash may possibly be a good thing, but no slap-dash work having been ever seen that didn't grow out of a root of patient study, and which Miss McDonald may never reach the glory of slap-dash, but she has at least deserved the praise that is due to earnestness and sincerity. This is a beautiful little drawing.

We are glad to see that Mr. Henry Farrer's drawings have found purchasers, which means that his sterling qualities are being discovered. He has several drawings here far in advance of any work yet reached by him, and yet he must go still further before his work can become really enjoyable. He does not get the sun into his sky, nor the moon either, and there is a general want of life in his drawing that produces an answering apathy in the spectator. We think he is getting out of the rut, however, and certainly the water in "Moonrise, New-York Bay," is very delicately touched.

W. T. Richards has here some of the best work he has ever produced, but he seems gradually losing all sense of color, and the greater number of these pieces might as well be drawn in black-and-white. There is a point, beyond which he is not safe to carry fish, and Mr. Richards has pushed some of his laborious trifling that cannot please long, however taking it may be at first. The "Old Cedars," No. 228, however, is a drawing well worthy of Mr. Richards in his best mood.

Miss M. E. Oakley's charcoal drawings in the Black-and-White Room are of considerable interest, and perhaps there is no more reason for remarking about them than about many other pieces here that less reference is shown than is altogether desirable in showing sketches and half-finished work to the public. Miss Oakley has the artist's sense, she has the beginnings of the artist's hand, but she is not building herself up on strong foundations, and seems to think that color and light and shade are capable of making a picture without drawing—that is, without the sense of form. Young mothers are amused with her for the light on babies in general in her "Maltona and Cady," No. 546, while artists approve the action of the figure in the "Last of the Light," No. 523. Because Van Eyck and Durer drew babies in the tadpole-stage is no reason why we should do so, and there is no use in trying to ignore anatomy because it is hard to master. The Sculpture-Room, as it is called for some unknown reason, as there is never any sculpture in it, is extremely interesting this year with its black-and-white. Millet and Meissonier, Seymour, Haden, and Whistler are represented by some admirable etchings, and there are the beginnings of etching in America in specimens by H. Farrer, J. H. Hill, and Alexander Sander. Mr. Sander's are for the most part artistic etchings, and are indeed noteworthy for their delicacy and decision. Henry Farrer's work is rather hard, but there is promise in it, and we hope he will give us more and more; it is not often that as good a beginning is made. Mr. Sander has some nice feeling for architecture we wish there was some medium by which he could communicate with the public. Is it not true, indeed, we had an Art Journal in which the good work done by these exhibitions might be spread a little over the year—in which artists might delight us, and in which they might delight! We are sure there is a public for such a publication.

PERSONAL.